

September 16, 1928

## COMING EVENTS

### THE CHIEF SECRETARY

Toronto Temple — Sun., Sept. 5  
(Scent and Guard Divine Service).

LT.-COMMISSIONER HOE: Hamilton 1  
Sat.-Sun., Sept. 15-16th.

COLONEL ABBY: Hamilton 1 Wed.  
Sept. 12: Toronto Temple, Sun., Sept.  
16.

COLONEL HARGRAVE: Brantford  
Sat.-Sun., Sept. 22-23.

LT.-COLONEL DEBRISAY: Orillia  
Sat.-Sun., Sept. 22-23.

LT.-COLONEL MACMURDO: Hamilton 1  
Wed., Sept. 12: Carleton Place, Sat.-Sun.  
Sept. 15-16; Paris, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 22  
23; Port Colborne, Sat.-Sun., Sept.  
29-30.

BRIGADIER MACDONALD: Montreal  
11, Thurs., Sept. 13; Prescott, Fri.  
Sept. 14; Picton, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 15-  
16; Brockville, Mon., Sept. 17; Mon-  
treal VII, Fri., Sept. 21; Montreal X  
Sun., Sept. 23; Montreal I, Sat., Sept.  
29.

MAJOR BEST: Tweed, Thurs., Sept. 13;  
Renfrew, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 15-16; Otta-  
wa III, Mon., Sept. 17; Smith's Falls  
Fri., Sept. 21; Ottawa II, Sun., Sept.  
23; Carleton Place, Fri., Sept. 27;  
Ottawa III, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 29-30.

MAJOR AND MRS. BRISTOW: Niagara  
Falls, Sun.-Mon., Sept. 22-23.

MAJOR CAMERON: Gravenhurst, Sat.  
Sun., Sept. 15-16; Chapleau, Sat.-Sun.  
Sept. 22-23; Brantford, Sat.-Sun.  
Sept. 29-30.

MAJOR OWEN: Sydney Mines, Thurs.  
Sept. 13; Glace Bay, Sun., Sept. 16;  
Whitney Pier, Mon., Sept. 17; New  
Aberdeen, Thurs., Sept. 20; Sydney  
Sat.-Sun., Sept. 22-23; New Wilm-  
ford, Thurs., Sept. 27; Florence, Sat.-  
Sun., Sept. 29-30.

STAFF-CAPTAIN RICHES: Hamilton  
1, Wed., Sept. 12; Kitchener, Sat.-  
Sun., Sept. 15-16; Simcoe, Sat.-Sun.  
Sept. 22-23; Bridgeburg, Sat.-Sun.  
Sept. 29-30.

### Their First Appearance

SCARLETT PLAIS (Captain She-  
pard, Lieutenant Campbell) — Sunday,  
August 19th, our newly formed Band  
made its appearance for the first time  
at the Open-air and indoor meetings.  
On a recent Sunday we had a set  
from Colonel and Mrs. Taylor, who co-  
operated in our Sunday night service; and  
pleasure being derived from their partici-  
pation.

### "THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM"

When preparing your Will, please  
remember the great needs of the  
Salvation Army, and so enable its  
beneficent Mission of Mercy to con-  
tinue when you have passed away.  
FURNISH YOUR WILL AND BEQUEST:

"I GIVE, DEVISE AND BE-  
QUEST" unto the Governing  
Council of The Salvation Army,  
Canada East Territory, the sum of \$.....  
(or my

property, known as No. ....  
in the City or Town of .....  
to be used and applied by them at  
their discretion for the general  
purposes of The Salvation Army  
in the said Territory."

OR,

"I bequeath to General William  
Bramwell Booth, or other the Gen-  
eral for the time being of The Sal-  
vation Army, the sum of \$.....  
to be used and applied by him at  
his discretion for the general pur-  
poses of the work of The Sal-  
vation Army in foreign lands, the  
receipt of the said William Bram-  
well Booth, or other the General  
for the time being aforesaid, to be  
sufficient discharge by me  
Trustees for the said sum, and  
If the Testator desires the sale of property  
of the proceeds of sale of property  
to be used in certain work, then add the  
following clause: "For use in  
(Rescue or other) work carried on  
by The Salvation Army."  
For further information, apply

LIEUT.-COMMISSIONER  
MAXWELL,  
20 Albert Street,  
Toronto 2

WILLIAM BOOTH. FOUNDER.

GENERAL, BRAMWELL BOOTH

# The WAR CRY

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS,  
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LONDON, E.C.

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THE SALVATION ARMY

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SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA EAST

NEWFOUNDLAND

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS  
JAMES AND ALBERT STS.  
TORONTO.

No. 2293. Price Five Cents.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 22nd, 1928

WILLIAM MAXWELL, Lt.-Commissioner.



### Thanks for Harvest

We praise Thee, Lord, with heart  
and voice;

While with firstfruits we come;  
We bring thank-offerings and  
rejoice,  
Shouting the harvest home.

For crops made ripe by golden fire,  
For all Thy power has done,  
We'll lift Thy praises higher and  
higher,  
Shouting the harvest home.

Salvation fields already whitt,  
And souls are all Thine own;  
To reap earth's millions we'll unite,  
Shouting the harvest home.

Sown seed with tears Thy life  
receives,  
Making Thy goodness known;  
Reapers return with golden sheaves,  
Shouting the harvest home.

HARVEST FESTIVAL NUMBER

A THANK-OFFERING TO THE LORD (See "The Lord of the Harvest,"  
Page 2)

## ALL TO THEE WE OWE

Praise to God, immortal praise,  
For the love that crowns our days;  
Bounteous source of every joy,  
Let Thy praise our tongues employ.  
All to Thee our God we owe,  
Source whence all our blessings flow.

All the plenty Summer pours  
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores,  
Flocks that whiten all the plain,  
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;  
Lord for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

As Thy prospering hands hath blest,  
May we give Thee of our best;  
And by deeds of kindly love  
For Thy mercies grateful prove.  
Singing thus, through all our days,  
Praise to God, immortal praise.

## GOLD DUST

Swept up by COLONEL ADEY

Rest not in being one of Christ's friends. Aim at being His bosom friend.

He is a faithful friend indeed who will hazard our friendship to save our souls from sin and destruction.

Surely the friendship of the world is dearly purchased by an act of enmity against God.

True bosom friends will seek to mortify sin and increase grace in each other.

Love to friends is manifested by words, yet more by acts; and most of all by prayer for them.

"What will my friends say or think of me, nipe many a good inclination in the bud.

Jesus is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

No companion deserves your confidence who makes a light of your soul. Consider him an enemy who contrives to damage your soul.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it, but he who does one should never remember it.



## "NOBODY'S BABY"

C. Romaninuk arrived in Canada about two years ago; his name indicates that he came from one of the Central European countries. A few months since he had the misfortune to meet with a serious accident in a mine and ever since has been dependent on charity, being passed from hand to hand, from organization to organization, by some of the provincial and municipal authorities in the province.

The poor fellow has been the subject of more polite correspondence and court wrangles than one would care to say. And while this wrangling goes along poor Romaninuk hobbles around as best he can, and starves as often as he must.

## THE LORD OF THE HARVEST

"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof: the world, and they that dwell therein."—Psalm 24:1.

HARVEST FESTIVALS are not a new institution. We have record in the Bible that the original proclamation was made by God Himself, just after the emancipation of a nation of slaves from bondage, when they were enjoying their liberty in the Wilderness.

We read in Exodus 23:16-19: "Thou shalt keep the feast of Harvest, the first-fruits of thy labors which thou hast sown in the field, and the feast of the Ingathering, which is in the end of the year. When thou hast gathered in thy labors out of the field, the first of the first-fruits of thy land thou shalt bring into the House of the Lord thy God."

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, especially in some practical way as in bringing our gifts to the Altar. The great law of giving unto God never fails; we always receive good measure as He has promised.

Harvest time reminds us of the goodness and kindness of God. It also verifies the promise of God given to Noah after the flood. "While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and Summer and Winter, and day and night shall not cease." (Genesis 8:22.)

The poet Browning gave expression in words of a thought that brings strength and comfort to all those who put their trust in the Lord: "God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world."

The earth is the Lord's by creative right. It seems so evident everywhere we look that all things have been created by a wise and infinite Being. Everywhere there are evidences of His control, and the deeper science and research explore, the more evidence we have of great laws that govern all things. Thus proving there must be a Lawgiver—a Divine All-powerful Being.

"The fool hath said in his heart, 'There is no God.' " (Psalm 14:1.) The words are just as true to-day as when the Psalmist wrote them, many centuries ago. To the understanding heart on every hand there is abundant evidence not only that there is a Supreme Being, but also there is

proof of His loving care. We know "He only is the Maker

Of all things near and far;

He paints the wayside flower,

He lights the evening star;

The winds and waves obey Him.

By Him the birds are fed;

Much more to us, His children,

He gives our daily bread."

The earth is God's—every tree and shrub—the gold and silver—the cattle upon a thousand hills, and also the people who dwell therein. What we possess is entrusted only to our care through life's brief day, then it passes to the keeping of others. A full realization of responsibility to God is most important in individual

*Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.—Galatians 6:7*

life, and also in community life. That lesson seemed to have been continually before the Israelites. All their worship tended to teach them this. So that when they gathered the first-fruits of the harvest they brought their offering to the Lord, and later, when all was gathered in, they came to acknowledge God's bounteous care. (Exodus 23:16.)

In these modern days of prosperity we must not forget how dependent upon God we continually are. A right understanding of this helps to steady life. Our thoughts of God are subject to the limitations of our human nature. He is greater than any of our imaginations. Yet the wonder of it all is He tells us plainly in His Word, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." (Psalm 103:13.) We know how a true father finds real joy in providing for his children. In like manner our Heavenly Father sends the sunshine and the rain. He gives also to man the wisdom to cultivate the land.

So let all men praise the God of the harvest. Our small gifts cannot enrich Him, they are but the tokens of a grateful heart, and the acknowledgment of our responsibility towards Him. So, with the Psalmist, we say, "Oh, come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker. For He is our God; and we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hand." (Psalm 95:6, 7.)

## DAILY BIBLE READINGS

Sunday, Sept. 23rd—Job 29:1-12

"Oh, that I were as . . . in the days when God preserved me."—Job's days were now dark and dreary, full of sorrow, suffering, and perplexing problems, yet they were prayerless days. Job held fast to his faith and integrity, so that his longing after past blessings was mingled with the bitter remorse of a

backslider's memories.

Monday, Sept. 24th—Job 29:14-25

"I . . . sat chief, and dwelt as a king in the army."—When Job was rich and prosperous every one thought he was the favorite of Heaven. When ill-health and poverty came, men began to whisper that some fault of his own must have caused this sudden change. In Chapter 42 we see how mistaken was this idea.

Tuesday, Sept. 25th—Job 32:1-10

"And Elihu . . . answered."—Elihu was much younger than Job's three friends. He had modestly listened in silence to their speeches, but feeling that they had misrepresented God, and not answered Job as he felt he must speak. While Elihu was by no means perfect, his account of God is noble and true, and at the last the Lord does not class him with the other three (Ch. 42:1).

Wednesday, Sept. 26th—Job 32:11-21

"The Spirit within me constrained me."—When any one like Elihu speaks out of an honest, full heart, his words bring light and help. He had the fresh standpoint of a young man, and what he lacked in experience he made up for in enthusiasm. The world owes much to the energy and vitality of the young. These are never more beautiful than when consecrated to God.

Thursday, Sept. 27th—Job 33:1-10

"He counteth me for his enemy."—Job's friends made the mistake of thinking he was being punished for his sins. Here Job makes the mistake of charging God with feelings of enmity against him. How wonderfully God revealed Himself in the end as Job's Preserver and Friend who allowed him to undergo trial not only to reveal and strengthen his own faith, but to make him and his strange experience, a means of blessing and inspiration to multitudes.

Friday, Sept. 28th—Job 33:11-24

"God speaketh once, yet twice, yet man perceiveth it not."—God has many ways of speaking to us. He reveals Himself in nature, in providence, in history, in His Book, and often in a "a still, small voice" in our hearts.

Saturday, Sept. 29th—Job 33:25-33

"If any say, I have sinned."—If any say, "I have sinned," he will deliver his soul. God never changes. Right through the ages His ear has always been open to the penitent's cry. He not only forgives, but He delivers from the power of sin and keeps by His grace the soul who trusts Him.



There seems to be some uncertainty regarding the history of the jungle island at the junction of the Belawan and Deli rivers, within a mile or so of the sea, on the east coast of Sumatra. Its name has been said to mean "The Island of Death," and a more sinister and appropriate designation could scarcely have been conceived in view of the island's present population.

Less imaginative and possibly better informed persons, however, translate "Puchie" as "A place like a gate," and gone-shaped the island certainly is.

## Primeval Jungle

According to some, the island, previously to its present usage, has never had a more important part to play in the life of man than that of a fishing site, and there are evidences of a "jungle," a construction upon which the native people live during the flood season, but at one time existed on the river side of the island.

Another story states that a brick-making industry was commenced on the island, but that fever smote the workmen and the survivors fled from the place. The discovery of a ruined brick kiln with remnants of brick and human bones in the debris suggests that the story is possibly true. Yet another opinion describes the island as a kind of jungle refuge for distressed natives.

Such a mosquito-hidden stretch of swamp as Poeloe si Tjanang must have been but a few years ago could scarcely be expected to have any history but that common story of a primeval jungle, where fierce life has struggled for untold aeons and achieved little more than the cunning of the monkey and wild pig, the power of leathome alligators, the color of darting birds, the poison of fiendishly persistent winged insects, and the speed of hooded armadillos.

At high tide Poeloe si Tjanang is an expanse of jungle, intersected by numerous narrow creeks whose brown waters would bear a small boat into many dim leafy bowers, and at low tide, when the creeks are slimy, murmuring channels alive with innumerable forms of insect and reptile life, a large part of the silent tangle of vivid green brushwood and creeper is safe from any human invasion.

## A Romantic History

During the last few years, however, the name of this insignificant patch of tropically situated mud has been heard in almost every land, for upon Poeloe si Tjanang there is a Leper Colony whose history is a romantic as any of the missionary ventures put forward in the Dutch East Indies.

A narrow built-up road and tramway run between the swamps to the heart of the island. The visitor sitting on the tram behind a horse of so vast experience that it takes note of and remembers exactly where the road is crumbling, and where the primitive, clanging contraption behind him must be hauled to port or coaxed to starboard, finds himself running along between two walls of low, jingly vegetation. He hears the

## Clippings from Contemporaries

A few days ago he was arrested in the city of Edmonton on a charge of vagrancy, and the contentions of the various authorities buzzed through the court. When matters were at a deadlock Adjutant Stewart—"Our Man" in Edmonton—took the stand, and remarked, "It seems to me, your worship, that this is a case of 'Nobody's Baby'; neither the city nor the province wants to assume responsibility for him; somebody's got to do something, and so I guess it's The Army again."

It is commonly reported that the minister's sign of relief at the advent of some sensibility was loud and ample. So Romaninuk is now in the care of The Army.—Winnipeg "War Cry."

## THE NEWS-BOY KNEW

A news-boy playing his business on a busy city corner, and espying a half-drunken woman wandering among the traffic, hurried to her side

and offered a helping hand. She was not clear as to her whereabouts or her destination, and in the kindness of his heart the lad felt that she should not be left alone.

But what could a news-boy do? Looking up, he saw across the street, "Salvation Army." It was our Headquarters in Sydney. The little fellow does not know much about The Army, but he felt sure his charge would find friends in the big building across the way.

"Come with me," he said, taking the poor woman's hand, "I know someone who will help you." Soon he was knocking at the office of the Chief Secretary, where he handed over his hapless charge, and with that Officer's "God bless you," he bounded off again to his news-vending.

In a few minutes the poor woman was in the care of one of our Officers at the Women's Hostel, who, in addition to providing her with shelter, sought to lead her to Christ, her Saviour and Friend.—Sydney "War Cry."



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A narrow built-up road and tramway runs between the swamps to the heart of the island. The visitor sitting on the tram behind a horse of so vast experience that it takes note of and remembers exactly where the road is crumbling and where the primitive, clanging contraption behind him must be hauled to port or coaxed to starboard, finds himself rumbling along between two walls of low, jungly vegetation. He hears the

quick "flop-flop" of startled crocodiles as they dive to safety, sees a vision of winged gold or crimson as a bird flashes from tree to tree and, if he has on that long ride rendered himself to the spell of his exotic environment, is suddenly startled to find the "tram" lurching round a corner into sight of a trim hedge, white houses, brilliant green sward, a pumping station, and a steeped church. It is like walking across Clapham Common and finding oneself gazing at the Taj Mahal.

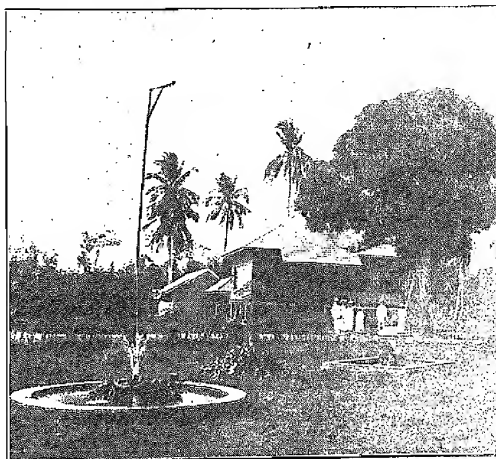
Some parts of Poeloe si Tjanang, it is said, have yet to be explored, but here is an entire community of people whose history has many dramatic and heroic elements, besides being in every way deeply tragic. That trim hedge is for many an impassable wall. This is a colony of lepers, and here is a glimpse of the Colony's history, heard one New Year's eve from the lips of Major Scheffer, until recently the Officer in charge

provide a place of refuge for the afflicted lepers. They were sent by the police to Poeloe si Tjanang, and kept there under penalty of punishment if they broke bounds.

A colony of lepers constituted in this fashion could hardly be successful, even although the majority of the Colonists are patient and ingenious Chinese in a land where the necessities of life are few.

The Salvation Army was at length asked if they could repeat at Poeloe si Tjanang the success made with a Leper Colony in Java. Certain Officers had already been deeply concerned over the plight of the leprosy contract laborers in Sumatra, and arrangements were made for the island to come under Army administration.

Then began a long and painful battle with misapprehension. Of discipline there had been none. The police were hated as the cause of all the distress, for the lepers could not understand why they should be im-



A Pleasant Corner of an Army Leper Settlement in the Dutch East Indies

prisoned on account of sickness, for which they were not responsible. The Colony was, in fact, a prison without any internal discipline, and when Army Officers appeared, to live on the Colony and make certain demands upon the people, they were very naturally regarded as the police agents and forthwith thoroughly hated.

"The people would come to dinner in bath clothes," exclaimed the Major as he related the story, "and the Officers would stand as white as death, declaring, 'No clothes, no food!'"

In a sentence he that seemed to the situation. On the one hand we have hungry, suspicious Chinese in enforced residence and laboring under a sense of mortal injury, and on the other Salvationists crowded under a Banner of Love, desperately endeavoring to secure some order in the chaotic society given into their care.

Events hindered rather than helped in the struggle. Two prisoners, for instance, serving for a real offence and discovered to be lepers, were sent to the island to finish their term. "Ah!" said the unfortunate Colonists, whose only offence was leprosy, "Why tell us we are not in prison, while you send prisoners here?"

Under pressure from the local authorities, The Army at last consented to the provision of armed police to maintain order. Soon afterwards, Major and Mrs. Scheffer arrived to find the Officers thin and distraught and their nerves almost wrecked. By day they struggled to control the angry patients, and by night they were haunted with dreams of the snakes which now and again added to the horror of that leprosy island. On the estate a Chinese headman stands between the laborers and the European employers and this system had been reported into the Lep. Act.

"If I went into The Army Hall," said the Major, "my policemen stood by the door. If I went to the people's house, the police were there for protection."

## Wall of Hostility

"Because of the headman I had no direct contact with the people, and could at first find no way of breaking down the wall of hostility which had withered to so late the attacks of love and service made by other Officers."

The Major, who is a Dutch Officer, and whose wife is of English birth, did not allow their feeling to paralyze their efforts, and the story of the winning of the Poeloe si Tjanang Colony is one of The Army's choicest illustrations of the power of consecrated common-sense.

From a better eye began with the abolition of the armed police and with a wall which the Major took through part of the island jungle. He came across a white and ill and noticed an admirable appearance. Close examination proved that the man had built in clay. The Major's mind went back to his service in another Army Leper Colony, where the headman, a blacksmith, had sought permission to use his knowledge for the good of the Colony and had incidentally taught the Major his art. He also remembered recently the indescribably supple, clumsy bagginess of the Colony "roads." Could not Poeloe si Tjanang make its own bricks? A sample of the clay was sent to the experts, who declared it fit for the purpose described, and very soon the Major was calling for workmen to make bricks.

"Will you pay us?" asked the Colonists.

## Glimpses of Understanding

"Of course," said the Major. The Chinese boys work, and with this provision of employment for the lepers there crept in the first appreciation of the fact that The Army Officers on the Colony were not police but officials who cared for the people.

During a European furlough taken by Major Scheffer the brick-making was continued by a relieving Officer, and on his return to the Colony he resumed his efforts at establishing confidence.

Various developments took place. Timekeepers were employed at their own work. Housing was improved. Nevertheless, the continued desertions from the Colony worried the administrative Officer. He noticed that the same men deserted time after time. The deserters were almost invariably brought back by the police. Why would they run away again and again?

The answer came from a deserter on the threat of his being kept in prison with, he confessed, who he ran away for the tenth time. "I don't you want. You have food and clothing and a house, and when you run away you are captured and punished every time," said the Major. "Why do you run away?"

To escape from any gambling debts," confessed the man. His words proved to be a key to the whole situation. The people were necessarily involved in gambling, not to them, heavy stakes. Major Scheffer forthwith announced that all money was

(Continued on page 7)

## THE CHIEF SECRETARY AND MRS. HENRY

At Yorkville — Fifteen Seekers

OFFICERS, Soldiers and friends alike were delighted to receive a surprise visit from Colonel and Mrs. Henry on Sunday night, September 9th. Major Ritchie, the Divisional Commander, lined out the first song, which was heartily sung. Prayer by Adjutant Robinson was followed by another favorite song, led by the Chief Secretary.

Mrs. Colonel Henry then read a portion of Scripture making some telling comments.

Mrs. Major Ritchie led the congregation in some splendid chorus singing, and testimonies were given by Ensign Saunders and Sister Ellen Carey.

A vocal duet by Major and Mrs. Ritchie, and then the Colonel knuckled into his address.

From the very beginning he gripped the attention of everyone present, which deepened as he proceeded.

In emphasizing one point the Colonel observed: "You make nineteen things right with God, but fall in the twentieth, and it is the twentieth that counts!"

Corruption was plainly evident, and as soon as the invitation was given, seekers began to make their way to the penitential form. A real old-fashioned Army Prayer meeting, lasting an hour and a half, resulted in fifteen seekers. Among the number was a man in his shirt sleeves brought in from the sidewalk by a bandman. It was a wonderful meeting. Officers and Locals, Scouts and Guards, all united in seeking the blessing of God, and we were not disappointed. Hal-leluah!—G. Davies, Commandant.

## ARMY'S BLIND SCHOOL

Opened in Kingston, Jamaica

The Army's School for the Blind in Kingston, Jamaica, has been opened amid much appreciation. Acting Governor A. S. Jelf, C.M.G., presided at the opening ceremony, at which most of the prominent people of Kingston were present. At a meeting held in the Ward Theatre, in connection with the opening ceremony, the Acting Governor, who was supported by nearly eighty leading citizens, spoke in warmest terms of this latest effort to serve the people.

This undertaking has made a deep impression, as no other organization has so far attempted such work.

## Continual Comrades in the Fight

Captains John Dougall and Christina Murray United for Service

ARMY WEDDING IN THE FLOWER CITY

THE ST. THOMAS CITADEL was crowded to the doors, with an audience of three hundred and fifty comrades and friends assembled for the wedding of Captain John Dougall, of Preston, and Captain Christina Murray, formerly of Ottawa. Both comrades were former Soldiers of the St. Thomas Corps. Lieutenant G. Murray supported his sister, while Bandman Archie Murray, brother of the bride, was "best man."

Entering the Citadel to the strains of the Wedding March, the bridal party took their places under The Army Colors. The Hall was beautifully decorated with flowers. Commandant Hurd, of Hamilton, and Mrs. Commandant Laws, of the United States, invoked God's blessing upon the happy couple.

During the service, which was conducted by Lt. Colonel McAnnon, Adjutant Robinson, the Corps Officer, read telegrams of congratulation from the Commissioner and Mrs. Maxwell and Captain Maxwell, the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Henry, Brigadier and Mrs. Burton, and numerous Officers and friends in the

## PHIL MASTERS' THREE R'S Radio—Retrospection—Regeneration

RADIO? Oh, yes, Phil Masters, late of the Windy City, now one of the supersalesmen of the O. K. Radio Corporation, working in the Philadelphia territory, knew everything about it! Had he not for the past three years thought radio, talked radio, nay, even dreamed radio?

Radio was the reason why he sat moodily consuming a Chinese table d'hôte dinner in the "Pekin," one of the six or seven gaudy oriental restaurants, whose freakish electric signs help to create the atmosphere of Philadelphia's one block of Chinatown. If Masters hadn't had two prospects lined up for Sunday, whom he felt dead certain of landing, he never would have remained in hot, stuffy Philadelphia, but would have been down at Atlantic City with two of his few Philadelphia friends, but Masters was one of the go-getters who put business before pleasure.

### Voices

Leisurely disposing of the almond, chicken chow-mein with his thoughts far away in Chicago, wondering just what his old cronies were doing, wondering whether his dear mother and sister were sitting on the porch of their little Summer cottage at Waukegan, his attention was suddenly arrested by:

"There's nothing left for me,  
Of days that used to be;  
I live in memory,  
Among my souvenirs."

Radio. Couldn't he ever get away from it? and what a radio! Which was the worst the static or the nasal tenor, Phil just couldn't make up his mind; but for once he admitted the merits of static as an eliminator.

Phil once more turned back to his chow-mein and Chicago retrospection. What a fool he had been to take this territory where he had so few friends to really pal with! How vastly different it was back with the old crowd he had grown up with, the supper dances at Sherman's College Inn, or Chez Pierre, the Saturday night pinocchio club, the canoe trips up at Lake Geneva, that was the life! Why had he never left it?

Again the radio sobbed forth, this time a somewhat hoarse baritone, "Even though you're only make believing,

Laugh, clown, laugh!"

What an unpardonable travesty on Pagliacci! Sounds more as if he is choking on a fish bone than laughter.

Again the chow-mein claimed his undivided attention. He poured himself a cup of tea and thought, perhaps, at this time his dainty little mother and sister might be sipping iced tea on their cool little cottage porch. Masters pulled himself up with a start as he heard a clear, sweet voice lining out the following,

"For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption;  
but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."—Galatians 6:8.

"We have a message,  
A message from Jesus,  
And time is now hastening,  
Its moments are few—  
He's seeking poor sinners."  
What a nice voice, thought Masters, as he stepped out on the tiny balcony to look down at the Philadelphia II Corps Open-air! Oh, it's The Salvation Army! Masters' ears caught the old familiar tune,

"For you He is calling...  
He's calling for you!"

Why it's "For you I am Praying!" Why I used to think that back in the little Methodist Church choir some thirteen years ago! Masters' eyes grew moist. How he had loved church then, the old hymns, the Epworth League of which he was the secretary! Oh, how far he was to-night from those ideals that his Christian mother has endeavored to instill into him!

### Mother's Prayer

The singing had stopped, and a man was invoking God's blessing on all within hearing distance of their voices. Masters bowed his head. That included him.

"Could God bless him, who never even took time to go to church?"

"If there are lonely hearts to-night, O Father, may they realize that Thou art an unfailing Friend, who never leaves us lonely," continued the exhorter.

Masters' lips quivered and he quickly stepped back into the restaurant to control his emotions.

Feverishly drinking his tea Masters caught a clear ringing testimony of the saving and keeping power of Jesus Christ, and then a soft, sweet and wondrously heart-stirring voice rang out on the breeze,

"Where is my wandering boy to-night,

The boy of my tenderest care?"

Masters closed his eyes, and he fancied he could hear his dear sister singing that same song in their little living room on Sunday afternoons, when they both had come home from Sunday-School. Oh, those golden days when his dear mother, running her slim fingers through his mop of curly hair, and kissing his brow would say, "My boy will never wander, will he?" How confidently then he replied, "No, mother dear, never!" But he had, and so far.

Could he ever forget the agony in those dear eyes, when, at seventeen, he had come home from his first all-night party as a young freshman in Northwestern, pale and much the worse for wear. How his dear mother met him with no reproach, but only infinite sorrow, when she said, "Phil, dear, it's nearly 4 o'clock, and my, you've been smoking!" How dark

was her Gethsemane he would never know, but ever since he hated to meet the sweet purity in her eyes! Could he ever forget her coming up to his room, hoping, fearing, praying that it was only tobacco smoke that she smelled? Could he ever forget her prayers and entreaties to give up his worldly companions? Could he ever forget their solemn covenant by his bedside when they both wept and he sealed the promise with a kiss? But soon, all too soon, he forgot that sacred vow.

Years had passed—years of disappointment, his dear mother as she saw him get away from the old standards—and yet he still remained his clean-cut respectable self. For "blood always tells," and somehow since his first Waterloo he never went to excess in anything. But Mammon and Pleasure were his gods, and he had long since relegated the God of his youth to something essential for childhood and extreme

### old age.

With a start Masters once more realized his surroundings. The sweet-voiced singer was still singing, "Oh, where is my boy to-night? Oh, where is my boy to-night? My heart overflows, for I love him he knows,

Oh, where is my boy to-night?" Masters wiped away the tears that came to his eyes. What had he lived of life anyway? True, he lived at the best hotels; could take in the best shows; but how tiresome, how empty all that was! Tramping about from city to city, no permanent contacts, living for almost six or seven months a year from a steamer trunk. What a life!

"Joy, joy, wonderful joy,  
Peace I have found that naught can destroy,  
Love, love so boundless and free,  
All this (and more) my Lord gives to me,"

sang the comrades in the rag. Masters glanced appraisingly at their shining faces. Yes, they looked happy and peaceful enough. "Why can't I, too, have this lasting joy and happiness that the Lord will freely give to me? I will have it! I'll go down this moment to The Salvation Army and tell them so."

Masters leaped back to get his hat and topcoat; hurriedly paid his check and dashed down the stairs just as the Adjutant was closing in prayer. Immediately going over to speak to the Commandant in charge, he gave her his card and told her he had made up his mind right then and there to give his heart to the Lord.

### A Glowing Testimony

What a splendid figure he presented, standing there, five feet eleven inches of immaculately groomed manhood, hat in hand, eyes shining with a new gleam as he bowed his head while she prayed with him! How his face shone as he said he would that night write and tell his mother he had come back again to God, and would henceforth love and serve Him in the beauty of Holiness!

His glowing testimony in the old Philadelphia II Hall, which has been the spiritual birthplace of many rich trophies of grace, amply repaid the faithful comrades for standing out that hot June night in the dingy little corner of Tenth and Race Streets, telling out the old, yet ever new, Story of a loving Redeemer. Thus on a hot Saturday night, the balcony of the Peking was the scene of Masters' spiritual rebirth, when he received a potent lesson in the three R's—radio, retrospection and Regeneration.

—Captain M. C. Murray,  
in the New York "War Cry"



IT SEEMS but yesterday that, in the Central Hall, London, with the General presiding, comrades wished God-speed to Colonel and Mrs. Souter and the pioneer Contingent of Officers who were setting out to unfurl The Army's Flag in

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The Divine seal has rested upon their united efforts, and hundreds of West Africans have been won for Christ and made into fighting Salvationists, not only in Nigeria, but in the Gold Coast and even farther afield.

It is interesting now to note that the Cadets of the Warrior Section were recently commissioned in Lagos by Colonel Souter, the Territorial Commander. The following is an abbreviation of the account given by an eye-witness:

"After many days of eager anticipation, the great night arrived at last. After a rousing song, Staff-Captain Robertson, in a heart-felt prayer, led us all to the Throne of Grace. The Cadets of Group No. 1 were commissioned for new openings, and those of Group No. 2 for other appointments. Then, in their turn, the Gold Coast Cadets were appointed. The members of the congregation were quite excited and entered most heartily into every phase of the meeting. The Cadets themselves will not soon forget the stirring words of their Territorial Leader, in which he thanked the Principal and the Staff of the Training Garrison, and indeed, all those who assisted in the work of training. Surely his solemn charge to them as newly-commissioned Officers will ever ring in the chambers of their memory."

WE ARE here afforded a clear idea of work being carried on at a Bush Corps among the mountains, where an energetic soul-saving work is in progress in a scattered community.

The Officers, who were out visiting their widely-scattered "parishioners," having left their last place of call, pressed on for a few miles until they came to the remnant of an aboriginal settlement, which eighteen months ago was disbanded, the natives being transferred to a big aboriginal encampment at Lake Tiers. Of these folk living on the river bank the Officers heard, and forthwith went to visit them. They were not entire strangers to the Army, for two years ago an Officer stationed at Healesville visited the station periodically and conducted meetings with the natives.

One of them, a woman of eighty years, suggested to the Officer that the following Sunday night it was announced that the Captain would go down the river among the people and hold a meeting.

The comrades from the two-mile point were to inform them and do their best to gather a congregation.



Captain and Mrs. Dougall, of Preston

Territory. The Band and Songsters assisted with the music, while brief addresses were given by the bride's parents and members of the bridal party.

After the ceremony, a banquet was served in the Young People's Hall. During the banquet, Lieutenant Newman, the groom's former assistant spoke on behalf of the Preston Corps.

It is interesting to note that four of the relatives present were Army Officers.



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# Army Activities in Other Lands

A Review of  
Our World Wide  
Operations

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## WEST AFRICA

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The following Sunday night it was announced that the Captain would go down the river among the people settled there, and hold a meeting. The comrades from the two-mile point were to inform them and do their best to gather a congregation.

Now, on any Sunday afternoon, whilst the Lieutenant attends to the children at the Young People's Corps, the Captain can be seen standing beneath a gum tree, on the banks of the Yarra, surrounded by about twenty adults and a crowd of children. The sound of singing fills the air, accompanied by music from the Captain's flutina. Three boys playing on gum-leaves, and harmonizing well with the other music, form an unusual orchestra.

A number of these people have been attracted to the Senior meetings at The Army Hall, and some are present each Sunday night. Several of the women have been converted and two enrolled as Soldiers. Some weeks ago a special meeting took place in the open country, when the Divisional

of Lt.-Colonel Steven, one of the Soldiers noticed a man at the Open-air meeting who was evidently greatly impressed. As soon as the service terminated, he went after the man, and succeeded in escorting him to a second Open-air gathering held shortly after in another locality. There the Soldier did his best to persuade the man to get converted on the spot, but without avail.

But the Salvationist did not give in. He enlisted the aid of other comrades, and the man was invited to the Hall, with the result that the indoor meeting began that night with a broken-hearted penitent at the mercy-seat. The man had been separated from his family because of his drinking habits, and recently so saddened had he become by the loss of his

This comrade is to-day one of our most joyous fighters.

"Another evidence of the wide-spread character of the work is the case of a man who fifteen years ago had spent some nights in a Shelter in Germany, and there had heard the glad news of Salvation. In the intervening years he had tried to forget the Call of God, until the news reached him that The Army had opened in Vienna. Now an official in one of the smaller towns of Austria, he came to the capital and looked up the Salvationists. God's Spirit took hold of him and he surrendered.

"Known in the whole street as a terrible drunkard, a woman was advised to go to The Army, and after a terrible battle she found freedom from her bondage. One Color-Sergeant was once a great mocker of all things Holy or Divine. The first time he saw one of our Open-air meetings he ran away for fear he might be tempted to disturb us and be arrested by the police. But curiosity drove him back to the Hall, where conviction took hold of him and he was definitely converted."



An Army Day School in session, Gold Coast, West Africa

Young People's Secretary dedicated one of the children to God.

Twenty-three miles from Healesville, the Silvan Dam is under construction, and about three hundred men are employed there. Every fortnight the Officers visit the Dam, hold an Open-air meeting, and distribute "War Crys" among the men who are keenly appreciative of the Officers' efforts on their behalf. Among these men are two Finnish lads who are converted, and who take their stand in the Open-air ring. A little distance from the Dam is Silvan Township, where live a family of Salvationists. Thither the Officers go at the close of the meeting at the Dam, and share the hospitality of The Army household. The three children of the family pray and testify during family prayers that follow the meal. Visitation is then engaged in till night-time, when a meeting is held.

sons, that he had tried to commit suicide on the railway. Happily the train was stopped in time. According to the latest news, this Convert is making good spiritual progress.

AFTER months of faithful pioneering labor in Vienna, an Officer now writes: "Some months ago my Lieutenant and I were appointed to open the first Corps in this great city. Our meetings have been well attended, and naturally many of the visitors come from sheer curiosity. The Open-air meetings in the fine squares of this beautiful city are attended by large crowds, which, on the whole, are exceedingly attentive. The police are very kind and willing to render any service required."

"Some of our first Soldiers have interesting stories to relate. Two young women in our Guita Band are Jewesses who met with great opposition at home when they first confessed Christ. They were told they must leave if they persisted in their new faith, but their ardent prayers have been answered and all objections overcome, even to the wearing of full uniform."

"Another comrade, a business woman who had lost all her possessions owing to the deception of her partner, had twice attempted suicide, when she suddenly remembered having been offered a "War Cry" a year before by a Salvationist who had spoken to her about Salvation. She thought The Army must be in Vienna also, so she set out to look for it. At last she found The Army, obtained deliverance from sin and despair.

ONE OF our Officers in Brazil, who was paying his usual visit with copies of "O Brado De Guerra" ("The War Cry") on Saturday night to the public-houses, was invited by three men to sit at their table. He accepted their invitation, and they told him quite frankly they wished to speak seriously with him. After sundry explanations about The Salvation Army, the Officer spoke to the men about their sinful lives and of the necessity of getting saved, and all three were deeply impressed and promised to attend the meetings. Our comrades are praying for them.

At another Corps, during the visit

of Lt.-Colonel Steven, one of the Soldiers noticed a man at the Open-air meeting who was evidently greatly impressed. As soon as the service terminated, he went after the man, and succeeded in escorting him to a second Open-air gathering held shortly after in another locality. There the Soldier did his best to persuade the man to get converted on the spot, but without avail.

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Sometimes the brave rescue men helped a Norwegian sailor or fisherman, sometimes it was a crew of another nation.

During one of the lifeboat's cruises, the Captain observed the deck of a fishing-boat on which a poor fisherman was clinging to the keel. With great difficulty the "Catherine-Booth" manoeuvred close to the derrick, and ultimately the exhausted fisherman was pulled on board in a most pitiable condition. He was taken down into the cabin, where he was attended to in the best possible way by the Salvationists, and gradually he regained his strength after his dangerous fight with the billows. With happy anticipation he looked forward to meeting his wife and little children who were in a hamlet in the neighboring village. What would have become of him if our comrades had not risked their lives to save him?

But they were not satisfied with having saved him merely from a grave in the cold billows. What about his soul? Was he prepared to meet God? The Captain and his men pleaded with him, and while the "Catherine Booth" was cruising towards the safe harbor, there went up a prayer for Salvation from that little cabin to the throne of God; and the prayer was answered.

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During one of the lifeboat's cruises, the Captain observed the deck of a fishing-boat on which a poor fisherman was clinging to the keel. With great difficulty the "Catherine-Booth" manoeuvred close to the derrick, and ultimately the exhausted fisherman was pulled on board in a most pitiable condition. He was taken down into the cabin, where he was attended to in the best possible way by the Salvationists, and gradually he regained his strength after his dangerous fight with the billows. With happy anticipation he looked forward to meeting his wife and little children who were in a hamlet in the neighboring village. What would have become of him if our comrades had not risked their lives to save him?

But they were not satisfied with having saved him merely from a grave in the cold billows. What about his soul? Was he prepared to meet God? The Captain and his men pleaded with him, and while the "Catherine Booth" was cruising towards the safe harbor, there went up a prayer for Salvation from that little cabin to the throne of God; and the prayer was answered.

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# The CHALLENGE of the EAST

## A STORY OF THE TROPICS

by Ensing William G. Harris



NEW READERS START HERE

The story opens in a village of Central Java with the feared headman, Ramadharana, calling the village "mam" (mam) to his aid for the healing of his favorite wife, Soekjah.

The village "long-tongues" are sounding to keep the evil spirits away when there is a cry in the evening air of "Ghoost! Ghoost! White Ghoost!" The whole populace run in terror for shelter as the white figures advance.

There are other things in the Eastern Army missionaries. Captain Duncan Voorhuis and Lieutenant Evangel Sellar, an American girl, who have come to find their way to the East. For some reason the latter, although helped, shows a distinct dislike to Evangel Sellar.

There are glimpses of the Officers' Bamboo Quarters at Djedag, some village scenes and the promotion of Scout to the status of a crown prince as he is ordered to look after Evangel while his Captain sets off for a distant village where he expects to stay the night.

The East challenges forward with strongly during a restless night when the reader sees these dark forms peering in through the bamboo screen come to the rescue. But when the two come forward, experienced in the most difficult work.

The two figures before them, the success of their work. But there are nothing against them in the village for the priest and headman. These are mainly supplied by the village, little Soekjah, who has an unreasonable hatred of Evangel Sellar because of her beauty.

A plan is conceived in the dark minds of the headman and priest and their sons. Kishan and Ross respectively, are on the way to the house of Scout and later, the native helpers of the missionaries, to put it into action.

Lieutenant Evangel Sellar, who is alone while her Captain is detained in another village, hesitates for the journey on land, but to hold her place. She is fearful of the water, which has been unkind. There comes a conflict in the mind of the Lieutenant between duty and fear, but duty wins the moment of prayer, she accepts the challenge of the East, mounts on her horse, and plunges into her work.

At the same time, Captain Duncan Voorhuis sets out to the village of the headman, Ramadharana, to collect the annual tax.

### CHAPTER V

FROM one village to another Lieutenant Evangel Sellar the young American missionary, journeyed, encouraging, exhorting and teaching wherever she could find a group of listeners.

In the crude huts of the rice fields she unfolded her roll of Bible pictures, and by the eye-gate, as well as the ear-pore, stirred yearnings and hope in the dark hearts of people fettered by superstition.

She took her horse to the portals of a crudely ornamented wooden gateway of a village, and talked and sometimes sang to the people as they performed their work. Every village had its own craft, so sometimes Duncan spotted with the women who were potters, deftly turning native vessels from the red clay of the district. At other times her indomitable chest introduced her to a company of spinning bamboo which they played into native mats to sell at the weekly market.

How glad the young missionary Officer felt that she had not stayed at home. She was very tired and her hands had become blistered by the tropical sun while holding the horse's reins, but a holy joy pulsed through her entire being. She was doing the will of God. To-day's challenge of the East had been accepted by her.

She came across a party of women washing clothes at the rushing river. They slashed the wet clothes against the smooth river boulders instead of rubbing them, and used a green cloth

obtained from a certain leaf in lieu of the expensive and rarely-to-be-obtained soap of America.

With a smiling salutation she would doubtless have won their friendship and confidence had not the swishing of their clothes at an inopportune moment disturbed the equilibrium of Mac. He suddenly reared; then kicking up his hind legs he nearly unseated Evangel, and set off at a great pace up the winding path of the mountain-side.

The Lieutenant clung like a leech, but she could tell he was "getting his head." There was a tense struggle for mastery between a frail pair of hands and the animal strength of the horse. But the horse won.

He turned suddenly from the uphill path and raced along a clearing above and parallel to the river. Hoping for the best, Evangel Sellar clung on desperately.

The plateau-like part of the clearing ended suddenly and merged sharply into the rocky slope which led to the foaming torrents below. A great fear gripped the girl as she looked ahead and saw. What should she do? To roll off the madly charging horse would mean certain death on the rocks of the hillside.

She breathed a prayer for help, committed herself to the Lord and was faintly encouraged by the "woof! woof!" of the faithful Scout barking in the valley.

To the end of the path they sped, and nearing it Evangel could but set her teeth and shut her eyes and hope.

She remembered but a great increase of speed, a falling-away sort of feeling when she found herself being hurled through space, and then for an eternity—falling, falling, falling—would she never find earth again? Then there was a sickening splash, a violent twinge of pain in the right leg and the young missionary found herself in the rapid river frantically clinging to an upjutting rock.

Scout was seen swimming to her rescue. But a mist began to gather before the girl's eyes. The pain in her leg increased and burned like a red-hot iron. Resolutely she held onto the slippery rock, but it was hard work against the swift-flowing waters.

She looked around for Scout. He was nowhere to be seen. The burning pain increased beyond endurance. Everything was a blur. Evangel, with an effort, cried "Help!" several times. But her hands were slipping, the feeble strength was ebbing, and then—

She let go and all was black.

Round about this time Duncan Voorhuis and his party came on to the high ground some two miles away on the opposite bank of the river.

"See, sir, see, what is it?" A native of the party asked the white man, and all looked in the direction which he pointed. Voorhuis whipped out his field glasses and trained them on the flying speck of white in the distance.

"A white woman and a runaway horse," he explained in surprise. "Whoever can it be in this God-forsaken place?"

"Oh!" and his jaw dropped in dismay. "The beast has thrown her. She'll drown for sure unless we can give a hand quickly." So at a stretch gallop the party urged their horses along the high land overlooking the river.

Duncan Voorhuis picked out the form of Evangel Sellar clinging to the rock in the river, then tying his steed to a tree at the fringe of the jungle belt of the hillside, which stretched down to the water's edge, he set off at a run to the rescue.

He found the jungle dense. Thick creepers swung from tree to tree, turning the tropical day into a vague twilight.

There was a thickness of undergrowth, too, under foot, covering a score of holes and pitfalls.

Voorhuis stumbled rather than walked.

It seemed he had been going an age. The picture of the white girl in distress haunted him and he pressed onward as fast as possible. Still he seemed no nearer the river in this mysterious and interminable stretch of forest and ferns.

The streams of perspiration that wet his brow were as much from anxiety as from strenuous effort.

Would he never find his way to her? He mildly cursed his negligence in not taking his compass from the saddle-bag.

Presently he stopped short. The jungle grew thicker and darker. Yes—he had to admit it, he was lost.

"Fool," he called himself tersely.

"Woof! woof!" A few minutes later Scout pushed his way through the undergrowth and agitatedly appealed to the white man as only dogs can. Voorhuis naturally followed the dog.

"Have a care," Duncan shouted, as a few minutes later the party of natives laid the suffering form of Evangel Sellar on a hastily improvised cane and bamboo stretcher—although there was no need for the adjuration.

The fact that he was wet through from his rescue hardly seemed to dawn on the young assistant contraband as he hurried arrangements for Evangel's comfort. As he afterwards admitted to himself, he was strangely anxious about this unknown girl.

"Where does the white lady live?" he asked. Someone ventured the information—"Djedag!"



She held on to the slippery rock. It was hard work against the swift-flowing waters

Tjandri was nearer than Djedag and more accessible for the doctor of the district, he decided. So to the home of Mijneer and Mervu Ramaker, The Army Lieutenant was taken.

(To be continued)

IT IS a charge brought against

that we make a hobby of Holiness, that, like Pagoda

lin, we are always fiddling of they brought the charge against

he could have replied, or some replied for him, that he was a

music out of his one string that bring out of their four; and if

are frequently engaged on to think that there are many people

witness that there has been some music wonderfully beautiful

enthralling, music which has been to them, and to many a home

them. But I take exception to of the charge, I say, varying

running our Hallelujah Express on one line, but on three.

The first line of these rails, and I am sure we very often talk

The second we term Puritanism with a clean life; and

The third we term Sacrifice up of all that we possess to the Lord and Sovereign.

That is, first, saved from the consciousness of it, with our on the rock of Salvation.

Secondly, saved from inward sin; and

Thirdly, having been saved and power and in being of sin, grace to devote all we possess to

of being saviours to those who are.

Jesus Christ has come to deliver us. No one would want to localise it, contract it, by saying He is a man from getting drunk, from swearing or thieving—that is, works, while the very citadel, infected with pride, selfishness, revenge, bad temper, and every

to be abolished on the Colony. He knew the tremendous hold of gambling had upon the Chinese, made this historic decision after

information of his experiences at "Number Two" Colony—and

Army Lacer establishment in Sumatra where money was rendered useless by the isolation of the Colony and check system was in vogue.

Abolition of money! Revolution! Lilliput! The Colonel seethed. Chinese Mayor away in Medan

criminally. The Major went on announcing that after a certain date money would be of any value in

Colony and would not be accepted. The Colony shop, nor would the workers be paid in money.

His efforts to explain the system of book credits and debits would supersede money can only likened to an attempt to persuade child that penny stamps are a



# THE EAST PICS

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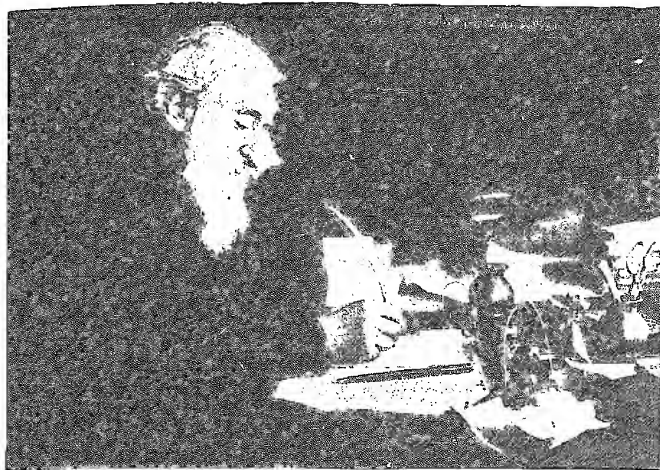
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## THE PERFORMANCE OF THE PROMISE

Comes not to Those who Hear, Feel, Agonise, or Consecrate, but to Those who will Believe

By The Founder

have victory over sin that you can have peace flowing like a river—on have I seen told that your joy may be full, undecipherable, unspeakable, and full of glory. You have heard that you can be turned into a saviour of men, that your days can be like the days of heaven on earth, and I know not what other wonderful things you may have heard. But there is something more than hearing necessary to complete your blessedness, it is the performance you want.

I remember hearing of a man who was always going about hearing lectures. Oh! he said one day to a friend in the street. "I have been to hear the most wonderful lecture on the training of children; it was so clever. Where have you been?" The other replied, "I have been at home doing it."

It is the doing that is lacking. You have heard, and heard, and heard again until you have almost got weary of the theme. Now it has been a new book, then a new preacher—now a new friend, and then you have been off to new meetings, conferences, or councils or the like, but have got no further forward. Oh may God let there be a performance!

But how can the performance be? Here it is. "Blessed is she that believeth, for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her"—to the woman that believed, for there is nothing promised to anyone else and, thank God, this is for the men as well as for the women, and to everyone of us, whether man or woman, if we will but believe, there shall be a performance of the things which have been told us from the Lord.

"He that believeth shall be saved." It is not to him that hears, to him that desires, to him that agonises, to him that concentrates. But it is promised and assured and given to him that believes.

Will you accept this Divine message that this full and holy Salvation is for you, bought for you, promised to you, given to you, that it is yours—yours now, just now, this hour, according to His Word save you now! Then there shall be a performance of all the things that have been told you from the Lord—no one job or little shall fall to the ground. All shall come to pass. You shall receive the Christ, the living sanctifying, victorious, Christ. And with Him the great Conqueror, you shall be victorious over all your enemies, you shall be holy, you shall be blessed among men and blessed for evermore.

IT is a charge brought against us by some that we make a hobby of the subject of Holiness, that, like Paganini with his violin, we are always fiddling on one string. If they brought the charge against him, I suppose he could have replied, or somebody could have replied for him, that he was able to bring more music out of his one string than his rivals could bring out of their four; and if it is true that we are frequently engaged on this one topic, I think that there are many people who can bear witness that there has been brought out of it some music wonderfully beautiful, wonderfully entrancing, music which has been made a blessing to them, and to many who are round about them. But I take exception to the correctness of the charge. I say, varying the figure, we are running our Hallelujah Express to Heaven, not on one line, but on three.

The first line of these rails we call Pardon, and I am sure we very often talk of that.

The second we term Purity—a clean heart, with a clean life; and

The third we term Sacrifice, or the giving up of all that we possess to the service of our Lord and Sovereign.

That is, first, saved from hell, and having the consciousness of it, with our feet consciously on the rock of Salvation.

Secondly, saved from inward, as well as outward sin; and

Thirdly, having been saved from the penalty and power and inborn of sin, being enabled by grace to devote all we possess to the great work of being saviours to those who are round about us.

Jesus Christ has come to deliver us from sin. No one would want to localise this purpose, or contract it, by saying He intended to save a man from getting drunk, from telling lies, or swearing or thieving—that is, to take the out-works, while the very citadel, the heart, is left infected with pride, selfishness, envy, hatred, revenge, bad temper, and everything that is bad.

rotten, devilish, and unlike God. Surely, to deliver man, God must not only break the neck of the open and outward foes who have domineered over him, but He must destroy those inward enemies, and save us from the hands of all that is devilish in our own secret passions, tempers and dispositions.

You never need sin any more. Here's the Conqueror. He is coming this way. He can toss His enemies. He can toss them out of your heart. But some people's notions of this tossing very much resembles the predicament in which many unfortunate farmers are found in wet seasons with their crops. They cannot get the blessed sunshine long enough to gather them in, and so they are always tossing them about, and when they get them pretty well dried there comes another shower, and then they have to toss them again.

Now this is just the notion many have, or seem to have, of the Saviour's work. They think He just comes and tosses their sins from one corner into another, turns them over every now and then, and lets them have an airing at Holiness Councils, Special Campaigns, and the like, but leaves them much the same as He found them.

I tell you this is all a mistake. This Unicorn, if you will let Him, will do something more effectual than that. He has strength enough to toss the pride, the temper, and selfishness not only from one corner into another, but out of your hearts entirely. He will conquer, and He will not only conquer, but He will annex your heart, and make it His own territory over which He will rule absolutely.

Does anyone say, "How is it this has not been done in me?" I will give you one verse which will explain this to you. Referring to Mary, the blessed Mother of our Lord, the Holy Ghost says, "And blessed is she that believed, for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her of the Lord."

Oh, have there not been some wonderful things told you? You have heard that you can

## A TOWN WITHOUT MONEY

(Continued from page 3)

as the coins it had previously extracted from aunts and uncles.

On the first morning of the Poeloc si Tjanant Post Money Era, the first to be "paid" looked at his brand new book into which credit for his wages had been entered, put it down, and walked away. The second cried: "I want money!" The Colony seethed again.

The next day a representative of the Malaysians in the Colony asked the Major to explain the new system to them again, and declared that the Chinese headman—who had to be used as a translator—had spread a very different tale! So it seemed, when the Major found a hundred and fifty of the Chinese, laden with baskets, plates, dishes, etc., surging to-

ward the main gate of the Colony, off to put their case before some one who would help them. The lame and the blind were there.

"Where are you going?" asked the Major.

"We don't know!" they cried. Were ever human beings in more pitiful plight than these leprous exiles fighting against the hand of Love?

When they reached the Government Road and were met by many police, the poor settlers turned back home. Next day the rising bell rang out as usual over the Colony, but no one responded. The people had decided upon a general strike, and had resolved to stay in bed indefinitely. This not only meant a grave breach

of the discipline necessary in such a place, but a cessation of the medical treatment, essential to the comfort of the diseased Colonists.

"No one will receive food till he or she has attended the dispensary," was the order, and one by one the people crept to the place of bandages and antiseptics, thence to the kitchen.

On the following day the Major visited his recalcitrant charges with the new account books in his arms. "This afternoon you can shop," he said. "Bring the books I will give you and see for yourself whether the writing in them is not as good as money."

The Officers were serving in the shop from 1 p.m. until 7 p.m. that day, and the faces of the Colonists were a study in puzzled satisfaction.

(More about "The Town Without Money" next week)





**THE COMMISSIONER** Conducts Impressive Opening Ceremony and Energetic Week-end Fight  
 "A Place where Miracles will be Performed"

A most effective appeal was the song-invitation, sung by the Commissioner and Mrs. Maxwell. Hearts were stirred to their depths, and a deep spirit of conviction settled upon the meeting. Before long the first soul had come to the Jesus of Whom they had sung. The penitent-form—set apart in this new building so distinctively as a sacred place—became the dock through which such sinners sank souls for the Master. Extremities. There, the Sergeant-Major exulted over the fact that a *life-long friend, from the same home town*, had come to the Cross. There Colonel Hargrave prayed with a young man who was a backslider. The Colonel knew him years ago, when he was the drummer in an Army Corps. No wonder the faces of the comrades shone. Was not God already placing His benediction upon the work of His mercy? He was crying in the words of Major Kendall's message, "Ten thousand Halleluiahs."











## 42 YEARS OF WHOLE-SOULLED SERVICE AS A SOUL-WINNER

will of God, but fearful lest he should  
made a mistake which would darken

This sketch would be singularly incomplete without reference to Mrs. Moore, who for the past twenty-eight years has been the Colonel's unflinching support in every effort he has put forth for the Kingdom. Saved in Barrie under the ministry of Captain Jack Addie, she became a Soldier and an Officer in spite of the opposition of her friends and loved ones. After giving several years of very effective service single handed, she agreed to a proposal to become Mrs. Moore, and since then has right worthily upheld the noble tradition of Army wives and mourners.

Concluding this memorable gathering was the Pledge and Covenant, repeated in unison by the Life-Savers, led by Adjutant Ellery, and the closing prayer and Benediction by Mrs. Colonel Henry.

Army, a Soldier, Army ancestry  
a Sunday School, a Soldier, a  
real work and rich blessing. A  
forever service for the  
Glitchrist, being the  
night. Speaker, the  
ferent branches of the  
Sister in, and then, sug-  
parents. Brother and  
the Candidate was solemnly  
her life work.  
by Adjutant W. J. Jones. The  
which was formed at the  
the Prayer-meeting, during which  
sisters knelt at a consecration during  
pledged anew to consecration about  
singing of the "Gloria".

Chief and Mrs. Henry, said the Staff-  
"The Bible is characterized by that splendid  
"Life-Saving Scouts and Guards—"To  
"are and to serve."

Major Sparks read a Scripture por-  
tion dealing with the courageous ex-  
plains the Old Testament "Life-  
Saving Scouts" the Hebrew boys  
who came unscathed from the fiery  
furnace.

"Be strong and of good courage,"  
said the fatherly address of Colonel  
Adby, quoting from Joshua's charge  
to his army. Colonel revealed  
that spiritual courage is not re-  
ferred to physical courage, reminding  
his hearers that the most dangerous  
adversaries that young people have to  
withstand in life are those that are  
invisible.

The Chief Secretary, recognizing that  
that figurative language is the most  
potent medium of approach, especially  
with the young, made a New Testament  
parable again as he addressed his  
portentous audience. His hearers were  
(Continued at foot of column 4)

will of God, but fearful lest he should  
made a mistake which would darken

(Continued from column 1)

will of God, but fearful lest he should  
made a mistake which would darken

(Continued from column 1)



## HOUSEHOLD HINTS

PROTECT YOUR FINGER WHEN CROCHETING

When crocheting with a fine needle one often pierces one's finger. Two coats of liquid corn plaster protects the finger and does not interfere with the work in any way as adhesive plaster does.

## CUP HOOKS FOR BRUSH HANDLES

Instead of round-eyed screws put small cup hooks in the ends of the handles of your brushes and dish mops, with which to hang them up when not in use. This makes it easier to put the brushes in place, and when several are hung on the hook it is possible to take one down without removing all the others.

## IN THE KITCHEN

## FOR LEFT-OVER VEGETABLES

Small quantities of left-over vegetables and potatoes can be converted into an appetizing and nourishing luncheon dish in the following manner: Pouch in milk as many eggs as there are persons to be served at lunch. Remove the eggs to slices of toast. Then thicken the milk in the saucepan and make a white sauce of it and put into the sauce whatever vegetables you may have, and pour all over the poached eggs. You can use peas and potatoes, or carrots and potatoes in this way. With either vegetable you have a perfectly balanced meal in one dish—starch, protein, and the green vegetable.

## TO DECORATE ICE CREAM

A decoration that is good for slices of brief ice cream. On each slice place a small flat mint chocolate in centre and use five halves of blanched almonds for petals. It is very pretty on light-colored cream.

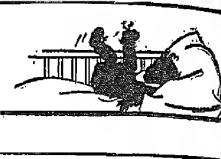
## TO SAVE SPACE IN YOUR PANTRY

Buy a three-tiered wire basket at an office supply store. Line it with clean wrapping paper, and in it keep potatoes, onions, and carrots or other vegetables.

## FOR MOTHER AND MAID

## MAKE THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME

BY A FATHER, CROWN WISE



the child can see the light of reason. This was the constant advice of my wife.

HOW TO punish children for their various misdeeds ought to be a serious problem in every home. Many parents do not give the matter the attention it deserves, simply punishing all children the same way for everything, without considering each particular offence as a separate and individual problem.

We have four children, three boys and one girl. My wife was a school teacher before I married her, a quiet, resourceful woman, where I am quick and inclined to take sudden action. We have always got on splendidly. Our first disagreement came with our first child, and it was a question of punishment for his disobedience.

The boy, then only a little more than two years old, had been told to put away his toys. On this particular evening, he stubbornly refused to do so. After all my entreaties and threats had failed, and my anger was thoroughly aroused, I started toward the boy with the intention of spanking him into submission. My wife, divining my intention, intervened. "No," she said, "I don't want that method to be used on our children."

Well, I had been brought up under the "spare the rod and spoil the child" regime, and I didn't believe in these new-fangled ideas of bribing or bribing children. The system that was good enough for my father to use on me was good enough for me to use on my children—and so forth and so on. My wife listened patiently. Then she asked if she might try her system first.

She told Bobby to put the toys

away, and was met with the same refusal. So she gathered up the toys herself and stored them away on a high shelf in the closet. The surprised Bobby looked on with a victorious gleam in his eye. Soon afterward he went to bed. Bright and early next morning he wanted his toys, but couldn't reach them himself. He asked to have them taken down for him.

My wife explained to him, calmly and reasonably, that little boys who weren't willing to put their toys away

## IF I FALL

If I fall  
I hinder all;  
If I rise  
To the skies,  
I shall help to drag the load.

One step farther on the road.  
On the common road we climb,  
Dead and living, for all time.  
—Janet Begbie.

when they had finished with them could not take them out to play with. For three days Bobby looked up at those toys on the shelf, and remembered why he couldn't have them down. He never refused to put them away after that.

"Always in the punishment to the crime, and never argue or fight with a tired, angry child. Wait until calm has been restored, and both you and

It was a firm rule in our household that the children should come in from their play at five o'clock. They had duties to perform before the evening meal—cranks at the stove, the table to set, and wood to be brought. Bobby invariably loitered, coming in at a half hour to an hour late.

"Johnny, you are late again!" said my wife one day. "Now, listen to me. We have work as well as play. This ever one person shirks his own share to make up for the share. That isn't fair. Bobby has had to do your errands while you played. Now you come home to-morrow you'll have to do Bobby's share of the work to even up the score." That was the end of it.

The boys always took to washing the dishes after supper. When it came to Jack's turn, he was all apprehensive, for he knew many. We allowed a generous margin for accident, and then we spoke to him about it.

"Son," she said to him, "you can break your toys in the same way that you do your mother's dishes. You're simply careless, and you must learn to be careful with other people's property. After this, you will have to replace out of your own allowance the dishes you break." Jack's attitude never improved in exact proportion to the number of dishes he had to replace. It wasn't long before he had learned to take time and exercise in handling not only dishes but also things as well.

## THE TRADE DEPARTMENT

## WOMEN SOLDIERS, ATTENTION!

## BONNETS!

## BONNETS!

Special for Soldiers only. A real good Bonnet, full trim, with gathered front in sizes XO and O, quality D. Write for prices and full particulars.

## DON'T FORGET!

We carry a full line of Salvation Army Books by various authors, and at different prices. A few of these we list herewith—

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Religion for Every Day ..... 90c. plus 8c. postage.

## BY MRS. WILLIAM BOOTH

Popular Christianity ..... 90c. plus 8c. postage.  
Practical Religion ..... 90c. plus 8c. postage.

## BY THE GENERAL

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September 22, 1928

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(Continued at top of column 4)





## We are looking for you



The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty.  
One dollar should, where possible, be sent with each enquiry, to help defray expenses.  
Address Colonel Morehen, Men's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.

**RAVEN, Harry**—Away from home ten years. Broken-hearted mother has not heard from him for eight years. Please write home at once. 10003  
**BRITTAIN, John**—Age 37 years; height 5 ft. 7 in.; brown eyes and hair; dark complexion. Native of Ireland; bookkeeper by occupation. In 1926 he left Ireland for Canada to do harvesting. His last known address, in 1926, was St. David's, Ontario. Please communicate. Mother very anxious to hear. 10832  
**DONEY, Harry Frazer**—Age 25 years; height 5 ft. 11 in.; weight about 125 lbs. Born in Saint John, N.B. Last heard of in St. Catharines, Ontario, also in Buffalo, N.Y. Please communicate. 17155

**TURNER, William**—Anyone knowing the present whereabouts of this man, please communicate. He is 35 years of age; height 5 ft. 11 in.; brown hair; fair complexion; born in Belfast, Ireland. His last known address was 1905, Duchess Street. 17159

**POLK, Robert John**—Age 60 years; height 6 ft. 4 in.; light brown hair; blue eyes; rather large ears; broad shoulders; long arm. Strong-looking man. Left home to work for man near Perth, Ontario. Please communicate. Brother anxious to locate. 17201

**WEIR, Joseph**—Left Carmarthen, Abegweit, on 17th of July, 1926, to go to his sister, Mrs. Charles Lawrence, General Delivery, Port Arthur, Ontario. Last heard of on October 20th, 1926. Please communicate. Sister in Ireland anxious to hear from him. 17202

**QUARRIE, Edmund**—Age 54 years; born in Eppenhuisen, near Hagen, Germany. Has been missing since 1921 in Kitchener, Ontario. Any news will be greatly appreciated by his sister in Germany. 17203

**MORTENSEN, Marinus**—Born in Vandrup, Denmark, 1889. Has been working as cook in hotel at Crystal Beach, Ontario, and later with another hotel in Toronto. His whereabouts is urgently sought. 17212

**NELSON, Robert**—Whereabouts is urgently sought by wife. Age 46 years; height 5 ft. 6 in.; weight 121 lbs.; brown hair; hazel eyes; fair complexion. Native of England. Piece cut out of ear, also out of his nose. Left his home in Montreal on July 26th. Anyone knowing his whereabouts, please communicate. 17213

**MURRAY, E. B.**—Anyone knowing present whereabouts of the relatives of this man, please communicate, as it is very important. It is thought that they may be in Montreal. 17215

**LEGGETT, James Laird**—Height 6 ft.; age 16 years; dark hair; fair complexion. Upper part of nose broken. If this should meet the eye, please communicate. Mother very anxious to hear from him, as everything will be alright. 17219

**LEGGETT, Peter Laird**—Age 15 years; height 5 ft. 10 in.; Auburn hair; fair complexion. Has a scar on his head with a cut. May be going by the name of David Laird. Please communicate. Mother anxious to hear from him, as everything is alright. 17220

**GODDS, David**—Age 30 years; height 5 ft. 7 in.; dark brown hair; brown eyes. Came in left leg. He may be staying at Salvation Army Institutions when possible. Mother very anxious to hear from him. 17220

### GLEANINGS FROM THE MEN'S SOCIAL

(Continued from page 15)

morning service our guide drove us back to the main camp, where, during the afternoon, the men were visited in the dormitories.

"At night, in the large auditorium, a largely-attended meeting took place. The choir of thirty-two members, under the leadership of one of the inmates, who is a Doctor of Music, did excellent service. The Superintendent, Mr. Fairfull, took a seat on the platform and assisted in the service.

"One cannot help expressing appreciation for the great interest taken in our work by the Superintendent, also Sergeants Turner and Lambert, and Major Deed. In fact, the whole Staff vie with each other to make our Overt welcome and our business of dealing with the men a success."

## THE TERRITORIAL CONGRESS

### COMMISSIONER HUGH E. WHATMORE

(The Commissioner is Territorial Commander for Southern Australia)

and

### LIEUT.-COMMISSIONER WM. MAXWELL

Supported by

MRS. COMMISSIONER WHATMORE, MRS. LT.-COMMISSIONER MAXWELL, THE CHIEF SECRETARY AND MRS. HENRY, and the Territorial Staff

## MONTREAL, Oct. 6th to 8th

In the No. 1 Citadel

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6th

7.45 p.m. - United Soldiers' Meeting

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 7th

Three Meetings—10.45 am—3 p.m.—7 p.m.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 8th

Great United Open-Air Procession of a  
Spectacular Character, followed by  
a United Meeting

## TORONTO, OCT. 12th to 16th

IN THE ARENA

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12th at 8 p.m.

ATTRACTIVE DEMONSTRATION, SHOWING PHASES OF  
SALVATION ARMY WORK IN CANADA

IN THE MASSEY HALL

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13th

7.45 p.m. - Soldiers' Assembly

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 14th

10.45 a.m. - Holiness Meeting

3.00 p.m. - Lecture by

COMMISSIONER WHATMORE

"MY MISSIONARY TRAVELS"

7.00 p.m. - Salvation Meeting

MON. and TUES., OCTOBER 15th—16th

Officers' Councils

## COMING EVENTS

COLONEL ABBY: Woodstock, Ont.  
Sat.-Sun., Sept. 22-23.

COLONEL HARGRAVE: Leiston &  
Sat.-Sun., Sept. 22-23.

COLONEL TAYLOR: \*Gullville, Ont.-Sat.  
Sept. 29-30; Montreal IV, Sat.-Sun.,  
Oct. 6-7 (Opening).

\*Mrs. Taylor will accompany.

LT.-COLONEL DESBRISSAY: Brantford,  
Sat.-Sun., Sept. 23-24.

LT.-COLONEL McAMMOND: Port  
Sat.-Sun., Sept. 22-23; Port Colborne  
Sat.-Sun., Sept. 29-30.

BRIGADIER MACDONALD: Montreal  
VII, Fri., Sept. 21; Montreal V, Sat.  
Sept. 22; Montreal I, Sat., Sept. 23.

MAJOR AND MRS. BRISTOW: Niagara  
Falls, Sun.-Mon., Sept. 22-23.

MAJOR CAMERON: Chatham, Ont.  
Sun., Sept. 22-23; Brantford, Sat.  
Sun., Sept. 29-30.

MAJOR OWEN: New Aberdeen, Thurs.  
Sept. 20; Sydney, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 22-23;  
New Waterford, Thurs., Sept. 24;  
Florence, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 29-30.

MAJOR RITCHIE: Woodville, Thurs.  
Sept. 20; Colborne, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 22-23;  
Lindsay, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 29-30.

MAJOR BEST: Smith's Falls, Fri., Sept. 21;  
Ottawa II, Sun., Sept. 22; Carleton  
Place, Fri., Sept. 23; Ottawa III  
Sat.-Sun., Sept. 29-30.

MAJOR THOMPSON: Newmarket, Sat.  
Sun., Sept. 29-30.

STAFF-CAPTAIN PITCHER: Montreal  
I, Sat.-Sun.-Mon., Sept. 29-30 and Oct. 1.

STAFF-CAPTAIN RICHES: St. Catharines,  
Sat.-Sun., Sept. 22-23; Brantford,  
Sat.-Sun., Sept. 29-30.

STAFF-CAPTAIN RITCHIE: Woodville,  
Sat.-Sun., Sept. 22-23; Lindsay, Sat.-Sun.,  
Sept. 29-30.

STAFF-CAPTAIN WILSON: Orangeville,  
Sat.-Sun., Sept. 22-23.

STAFF-CAPTAIN WRIGHT: Stratford,  
Thurs., Sept. 20; Lisson, Fri., Sept. 21;  
Chesley, Wharton, Sat., Sept. 22;  
Owen Sound, Sun., Sept. 23; South  
ampton, Thurs., Sept. 29; Kingston,  
Wingham, Mon., Sept. 24.

FIELD-MAJOR URQUHART, Peterborough,  
Sept. 22 to Oct. 1.

### "THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM"

When preparing your Will, please remember the great needs of the Salvation Army, and so enable its beneficent Mission of Mercy to continue when you have passed away. FORM OF WILL AND BEQUEST.

"I GIVE, DEVISE AND BEQUEATH unto the General Council of the Salvation Army, Canada East Territory, the sum of \$..... (or any property, known as No..... in the City or Town of..... to be used and applied by them as they see fit for the purposes of the Salvation Army in the said Territory."

OR,

"I bequeath to General William Bramwell Booth, or other the General for the time being of the Salvation Army, the sum of \$..... to be used and applied by him at his discretion for the general purposes of the work of the Salvation Army in foreign lands, the will of Booth, or other the General for the time being aforesaid, to be sufficient discharge by my Trustees for the said sum."

If the Testator desires the use of the proceeds of sale of property used in certain work, then add the following clause: "For use in following clause: 'For use in (Rescue or other) work carried on by The Salvation Army.'"

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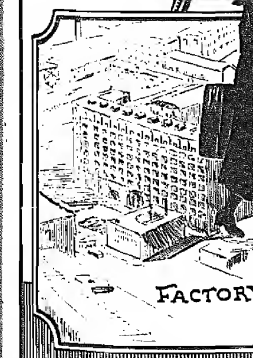
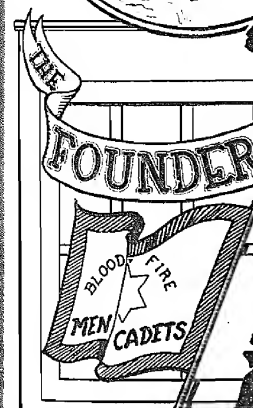
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